gan to speak—not about the Second Duma and its members waiting trial, but about the men around me and what they had lived through in the past three years. The Bloody Sunday of January 9. . . . The October strike. . . . The brief elation of victory. . . . And then the long chain of defeats, humiliation, misery. . . . The Duma of Wrath and its end. . . . Gallows, firing squads. . . .

"Do you remember Jacob, the welder? I met him in the death cells. I saw him behind the iron grille, chained for life. He asked me to bring his greetings to all of you!"

And I continued the story of the past years. The S-D group in the Second Duma, the champion of freedom, the last hope of the workers. . . . The Duma is gone, and those who were the people's spokesmen are now in jail, being tried by the lackeys of the Tsar. . . . The last, the bitterest humiliation! . . . It is up to the workers of St. Petersburg to show that they remember them.

I was interrupted by a roar of excited voices: "A strike! On the day of the trial!"

The crowd moved slowly toward the entrance. I went with the others, my cap pulled over my eyes, machine oil all over my face, an iron teakettle in my hand. The office was full of police. I felt suspicious glances at my face, but nobody recognized me under the disguise.

ARREST AND ESCAPE

Three days after this meeting the Executive Board of our Council met in a public works office to map a plan for a new campaign. About forty persons were present when the building was surrounded by the police. After a superficial search for arms, we were taken to the nearest police station. There we declined to give our names, insisting that the Council was a municipal organization and the arrest was illegal.

The chief of the precinct police declared that he was ready to discuss the legal questions with the president of the unemployed, Mr. Petrov, but the trap was obvious and I did not respond. A comrade gave me his identification papers, and I busily memorized my new name, date of birth, address, and names of relatives. The registration routine took several hours. Then we were escorted to the Crosses, but the superintendent of the prison declined, for some reason, to let the party in, and finally we were moved to a precinct detention house miles away. We reached it after dawn.

The front section of the building was occupied by the fire department and police offices; the courtyard was littered with piles of